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Judge

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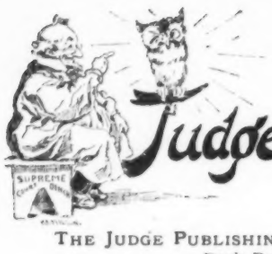
THE DEMOCRATIC BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up rose old Barbara Dana then,
Bowed with her three-score years and ten,
Bravest of all in Yankee town;
She took the flag the men hauled down,
She leaned far out on the window sill
And shook it forth with a royal will:

"Shoot if you must, this old gray head!
But spare your country's flag!" she said.
All day long through Yankee town
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that old flag tossed
Over the head of the Free Trade host.



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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 38 Park row, New York.

SEE THAT my grave is kept green. This is not a theory, but a fact.—*G. Cleveland.*

* * *

THE GOING of Robert B. Roosevelt to the Netherlands shows that the Dutch are taking Holland again.

* * *

THE WOUND in the throat conferred on Boulanger was hardly more serious than a shot in the neck.

* * *

WE STILL think Grover will send out that warning to federal office-holders not to meddle with politics.

* * *

WHEN CHAUNCEY gets here there won't be an anti-Depew man from Harlem to Mr. Bartholdi's Liberty.

* * *

A MAN recently hanged is said to have "gone home," and so has that leading political economist who has joined the Democratic party.

* * *

WHEN A DEMOCRAT faces the tariff question he does it with his toes turned in the opposite direction, like the snake man of the more limited circuses.

* * *

IT IS perhaps true enough that Mr. Cleveland cannot cast a vote, but let us be charitable. He may be troubled with a wound received by his late substitute during the late war.

* * *

IT IS OBSERVED that General Harrison has many visitors who like to hear him speak, and that none of them go away disappointed. It is a great man who can make a brief speech and do it without saying too little or too much.

* * *

A THEATRE-CHAIR so constructed that it will drop a man to the basement to get his cloves, without disturbing anybody, is advocated by an English woman; but most English women want it constructed so that it will drop them too.

* * *

PERHAPS THEY will say that Chauncey out-weighs General Harrison in the importance of this campaign; but there is one thing certain—there is no Democrat whose voice or whose weight is more ponderous than those of Grover Cleveland.

* * *

A PRINTED ARGUMENT reaches a thousand pairs of eyes where the platform speech reaches one set of brains, and costs far less. They say that Mr. Calvin S. Brice has a very good appreciation of this important fact, and that the Republican national committee is made up to a considerable extent of political infants so entirely small that they don't know when they want their milk.

A MODIFIED RESCUE.

Clawsby has had his clothes stolen, and after hiding behind a rock for two hours hears friendly footsteps.

GOLDBERGER—"Puy some gollar-puttons, my vrent; I sells dem sheap."

A PICTURE-PAPER CAMPAIGN.

The Democratic state committee is doing a great deal of quiet work, and doing it most effectively in the interior counties of this state, by the circulation of illustrated articles on the tariff, including leaflets from Democratic illustrated papers. The effectiveness of this work is really wonderful. Farmers and workingmen, who pay no attention to dry statistics, tables of figures and elaborate speeches on the tariff, have been won over to the cause of tariff reform by the illustrations that are being sent out. The Republicans are still confining themselves to long-winded editorials and appeals in reference to the tariff which are thrown away or used for waste paper. Pictures are what tell in this campaign.—*Ohio Regulator.*

The picture takes the eye of the busy man and goes from that to the brain. It is argument by the flash. It is the kindergarten to the grown children who have not had the time, or perhaps the inclination, to read to a large extent, and among whom are some of the most intelligent men this country has. It makes parties and carries policies. It is the long editorial, the long speech, the important statistics in one swift glance, the argument of it following as certainly as the report of the gun follows the application of the match. The Albany *Times* (Dem.), noticing Mr. Nast's cartoons in our daily contemporary the *Graphic*, says:

The effect of caricature on a campaign is always interesting. Generally it catches rather quicker than the written argument. Mr. Cleveland was very fortunate four years ago in having the cartoon papers on his side. There was not a single pictorial of wit or standing against him. This year, however, it is to be observed that he has two sturdy opponents in JUDGE and *Time*, which are among the truly witty, comic papers of the country.

The JUDGE has four powerful pictorial opponents in this campaign—*Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's*, the *Graphic*, and our esteemed contemporary of Houston street—and it is understood that the Democratic national committee are circulating them very largely. Colonel Brice is a very shrewd man.

THE TARIFF LESSONS OF THE YEARS.

WHEN Patrick Henry in his great speech before the Virginia legislature, on the verge of the revolution, said, "The only light I can use to guide my footsteps is the lamp of experience," he formulated from the modern Democratic standpoint a political heresy. The present administration's revelation is that nothing can be learned, at least nothing learned from the past. Its only guide is the light, not of experience, but the will-o'-the-wisp of experiment.. It is not new for novices to assume airs of infallible wisdom. Little sips of learning produce a reckless intoxication. Theories are incessantly fighting facts. Heresy will always wrestle with the right. The economic conflict is the real "irrepressible conflict." It began with our national beginning. Nullification, slavery, secession, reconstruction, each covering the political sky with thunderous menace and fierce and blinding fire, were but brief disturbers for the day, and have, as the storms rolled by, left us a brighter and bluer sky.

Yet there arises, threatening on the rim of the horizon, this "tariff issue," a cloudy apparition no bigger at first than a man's hand.

At the next national anniversary of our independence it will be just a century since Washington signed the first federal tariff act. It was not "for revenue only," but for the protection of the people. It began with the words, "Whereas, it is *necessary* for the support of the government, for the discharge of the debt of the United States, and for *the encouragement and protection of manufactures*, that duties be levied on imported goods."

This tariff, modified but slightly (excepting a temporary increase during the war of 1812), was continued until 1816. Important industries were slowly vitalized. Business sprang into vigorous life. Commerce was expanded. An industrious and contented people prospered under the accumulations of national enterprise and wealth.

In 1816, through the ascendency of the Democratic party, this tariff was repealed, and one with the lowest possible duties replaced it. The furnaces and factories that had sprung up, hardly as yet firmly established, were annihilated by foreign competition, and Great Britain deluged our markets with goods poured in below constructive cost. Manufactories were swept away like grass before a prairie fire. Displaced labor overflowed into agricultural employ, and wages went down and down. Henry

Clay said in a speech at that time that "property values were by this policy slaughtered more than fifty per cent."

The tariff of 1824 restored national prosperity. Free trade in 1832 again cancelled values by its tariff "for revenue only," strangling both industry and commerce.

In 1842, exhausted by experiment, misrule and free trade, the country restored the Whig party, with a dominant policy of protection, to power.

The south, seeing its "peculiar institution" threatened by the wonderful prosperity of the north, and the probability of its loss of political supremacy, tyrannized the Democratic party into practical serfdom. In 1846 this political combination, defensive and destructive, again established substantial free trade. The old tragedy was repeated. Business was paralyzed, and ruin undermined the work of the laborious and prosperous years. Exports fell off from sixty-eight to twenty-one million dollars per annum, yet our importations under the lowered rate of duty were doubled. The only reason a wider-spread disaster did not again overwhelm us was that we paid our European indebtedness of nearly a thousand millions of dollars from the newly-discovered treasures of California.

In 1857 the free-trade south again demanded through the Democratic party a lowering of the already low rate of duties. Cotton and tobacco, of which the south held the monoply in the world's market, placed it beyond competition, and it remained uninjured. Northern enterprises, however, were stopped, public works abandoned, and tens of thousands of employees, laboring in manufactories and mines, were thrown out of work and glutted the already overloaded channels of labor. The government itself, lacking revenues for its expenses from so low a tariff, resorted with a shaken credit to loans. It paid as a rate of interest as high as twelve per cent. on its bonds, that under the protective policy of the Republican party have been marketed at two and a half and three per cent. Is there in this any lesson to be learned, or is knowledge again to be reached by punishment? J. A.

IT HAD THE NECESSARY STRENGTH.

CAPTAIN SALTHORSE (*to landlady*)—"Mrs. Hashetter, can you tell me where I can purchase a large quantity of this butter?"

MRS. HASHETTER (*gushingly*)—"Now, my dear captain! What can you want of a quantity of that excellent butter?"

CAPTAIN S.—"I intend arming my marines with it in place of cutlasses, as my experience with it here convinces me it's a great thing to repel boarders."

THE NEW KAISER is going to get his country in a dreadful scrape some day, and then he won't be as "military" as he is now.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY does not believe in protection, and as between England and itself it is at the mercy of the sad sea waves.

* * *

WHEN a Democratic paper like the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which has been very friendly to Governor Hill, says a friend of the governor—to wit, Judge Muller—received $50,000 on condition that the governor sign his name to a certain document, that is a hurt in the house of a compatriot which cannot be made to heal.

* * *

THE JUDGE does not expect impossibilities of Postmaster Pearson; but if the government of the United States is too stingy to give him the men and the means necessary to a good postal service, it had better adjourn itself in behalf of some private enterprise that understands its business.

DOWN WITH FREE WHISKY!

It was 2 A.M. He was standing on a street corner, his arm tenderly encircling an electric-light pole. The glare of the lamp above shining on his rubescent nose suffused it with a pink glow. As he swayed to and fro like a wooden Indian in a gale this is what he said:

"'Rah fer Thevelan' an' Clurman! down wizzher 'Publ'can party. 'Sno good; b'lieves 'n free whizzhgey; I don' b'lieve 'n free whizzh—whizzhgey; I'm temp—temmeransh Dem'crat; down wizzher free whizzhgey party!"

"Let's see," remarked the blue-coat who led him away; "didn't I find you on this same corner, bawling against high license, one night last winter?"

"Yezzhir; zazh wazh me; diff'ren' zhing zhat wazh, al'ogezher diff'ren'; bay mare 'nozzher color; down wizzher free whizzhgey, whoop! zash me, ye hear?"

WAFTED FROM THE LAKE'S BOSOM.

"How I pity the poor Indians who lived in this section only a couple of hundred years ago!" remarked Budweisser to Bartholomay after they had trolled about the lake all day without getting a "strike;" "just think, they had to depend largely on the fish they caught for a living."

"Oh, but they used to spear them, you know," rejoined Bartholomay.

"Well, I don't see how they managed to do that even."

"I believe they used to invoke the aid of their Manitou, the Great Spear-it," answered Bartholomay, and then the silence became as vast and deep and broad and long as the waves themselves.

A MASCOT.

JOHNNY (*piously*)—"Pa, while you're praying, will you pray for something for me?"

FATHER (*offering grace*)—"Yes, my child; name it."

JOHNNY—"Well, please just put in a word for our nine, 'cause we want to lick the Bucktowns like thunder to-day."

APROPOS.

"You shouldn't read lying down, my daughter. You know how weak your eyes are."

"Oh, yes, mamma. Just let me finish this article.

"What is it about?"

"Care of the eyes."

A SUNSET.

WO lovers saw the sun go down,
And sitting in the glow
Of rosy light that ushers night
Endearments whispered low.
For them the sky's delighting hues
Foretold a life of bliss;
And saying love's sweet orison,
They sealed it with a kiss.

An old man saw the self-same scene;
The heavens, all aflame,
Would move a fancy most serene
Admiring phrase to frame.
But he looked up in discontent
That nothing could restrain,
And with mind on the morrow bent
Remarked, "B'gosh! 't'll rain."

J. A. W.

HUM OF THE COURT.

GROVER, after election—"H'm! I must have used the wrong kind of bait."

IT LOOKS somewhat as if Thomas Nast were a tariff man for revenue only.

THERE ARE 12,000 Smiths in Philadelphia, but we must remember that the facilities for getting out of Philadelphia are costly and limited.

MRS. LOCKWOOD was very prompt with her letter of acceptance. Why can't Mrs. Cleveland go to her Aunt Lockwood and be wise?

MR. BLAINE has grieved the Democratic party half to death, but really he had to come. The Democratic party can stand it, but it fears for the health of Mr. Harrison. It is bad to be sympathetic.

IN ORDER to avoid wholesale drowning we must apparently go back to the period when vessels were built without skill.

SEVERAL clergymen at a camp-meeting say they will vote for Clinton B. Fisk; but there are a thousand others who supplicate that Clinton be hanged.

DAVID A. WELLS says the Canadians are very intelligent people, because he saw the JUDGE on every news-stand there. But that is no criterion to go by, because there is no part of the world in which the same thing doesn't habitually occur.

IS IT NOT odd that the church should pay large sums for Christian orators who can reach at the most a couple of thousand ears, and should fail to give a religious paper the appreciation which belongs to a square, deliberate, effective talk with a half million every week?

MR. BENJAMIN HARRISON has a habit of managing his own affairs, and Mr. Blaine has a habit of managing his, and both let the personal business of each other and of other men alone. This ought to put aside all apprehension as to the friction between the next president and his cabinet.

DR. JOHN A. BROOKS says that the reporter that said he was a rebel soldier is a liar. Dr. Brooks is a truthful gentleman and a Christian, and the man that hoops and yells rebel at him is a low sneeking cur, and isn't fit to live in any civilized country.—*The Prohibitionist.*

Dear, dear! Where are the police?

WE SHALL "tellautograph" by telephone presently. That is to say, we shall write it by word of mouth and hello it in the same way.

"IF YOU adopt an art," says R. L. Stevenson, "weed your mind at the outset of all desire for money." We knew of just one man who did that, and he died of starvation three weeks after the weeding.

EXPRESSION HEARD IN DRY GOODS CIRCLES.

"Cash-em-'eres in three tints."

OVER THERE they are happy to have Larry Jerome, and they of the Netherlands are equally rejoiced at the acquisition of Robert B. Roosevelt.

IT WAS NOT Brooks of the prohibition ticket who was hanged at St. Louis. That Brooks will probably get a commutation of punishment.

THE THIN MAN has vanity. It is easy for him to have it, because he cannot see how ridiculous he looks and is never conscious of his wobbling.

COLONEL WATTERSON says he is glad the north conquered in the late war. Well, it was a good thing to annex that bad, bold young man, anyhow.

AFTER ALL, it is not strange that a Democrat should cry out against free whisky. When one is always in his cups one is continually feeling that he is so weak he ought to have the protection of a guardian.

A BOOK by an old maid showing how to bring up children is entitled "The Mistakes of Mothers." Dear old girl! What she means to say is that the great mistake is the having the children to bring up.

I. DONNELLY having reached home, Shakespeare's bones have turned in their grave for a stretch and another nap.

A MAN in St. Louis smoked cigarettes a long time, and the other day he was hanged. Cigarettes are getting more fatal every day.

GOVERNOR HILL has his preferences as to hangman's day, but he can't put off the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

THE BREAKING UP of one or two Methodist gatherings by rowdies shows that the summer outing of this kind is too often a scamp-meeting.

THACKERAY is a great favorite of Amélie Rives, but the dear old boy got off before the girl got her arms around him. Still, he didn't have as happy a death.

HIS GRANDFATHER'S HAT it got so very small that he put on the hat of Mr. Blaine; but his head was big enough to show the best of stuff, and he'll have to swap hats again.

THERE IS a new song, and it is called "When Baby Smiles in her Sleep." It is very pretty, but the Norristown *Herald* coldly and severely thinks the smile indicates that the infant is troubled with worms.

FOR HIS grandfather's name he was not so much to blame, for his birth was fixed some time before he came; and he can't repudiate a thing he knew so late, but he gets to the white house just the same.

A CITY INSTITUTION.

UNCLE BILES (*as passenger jumps off car into subway trench*)—"Geewhitz! I thought we hed some purty deep mud up to Canajoharie. but I'm dinged 'f it comes up ter that!"

EDGERTON.

COME, children, and you shall hear about Edgerton.

He was a good dog—that is, the region south of his head was—being a combination of rare old qualities bestowed on him by one of the biggest ancestries that a dog ever had.

His head, however, seemed to have been left out in the lavish distribution of charms, and the artist to whom we are indebted for the accompanying portrait had to retire to the house four times for mental disinfection during the sitting.

He said it was a new sensation to have a nightmare when broadly awake.

Edgerton was a valuable dog in many and diverse respects. He had a habit of pursuing a parasite around himself which we turned to practical use and rest for the tired eye.

All we had to do when he began the chase was to set him, as it were, at the head of the garden walk, and in rolling over and over in an effort to locate his adversary he would sweep that walk as clean as Mayor Hewitt's conscience in less than ten seconds, and, unlike a bobtail car horse, would enjoy himself in making others happy.

He rolled off the wall into the water one day, and always after would soak himself thoroughly before doing the sweeping-act so as not to raise any dust.

Edgerton was a great dog, children. He came to us through the general offices of a neighbor whose chickens we had poisoned in an effort to disqualify an old bandit of a rat that had its lair under the state line wall between the two villas.

The neighbor threw the dog at our front door one dark night, thinking he was a corpse; but he did not know Edgerton, and the next morning we found our protector asleep on the mat.

We took him in, put a collar on him which he wore out of compliment for ten minutes and then chewed off, and he stayed with us through thick and thin (99 per cent. thin) for close on to twelve years.

We have often been asked what color we called him when writing of him, and only since his death have we been able to answer intelligently.

It came to us one day while watching a couple of Italians unloading fag-ends from a city dump-cart. The *ensemble* was Edgerton's exact shade.

His disappearance was a sad but glorious one. Our servant made some sausages one fall day after a recipe which her mother in Germany sent her, and Edgerton ate one. It stuck crossways in the front hall of his interior, and then in trying to capture a stray cat he got caught in a hole in the fence, and the sausage exploded.

A few months after the halliards on the village flag-staff got fouled, and the artisan who shinned the mast to straighten them out found one of Edgerton's ears plastered on the gilt ball at the top of the vane.

We hardly expect to see him again; but, children, Edgerton was a good dog.

AT THE SEANCE.

FOND MOTHER—"Oh, Reuben! it is our dear departed Sarah, our only daughter!"

PRACTICAL FATHER—"'S-s-sh, Marthy; not so loud! She might recognize us; 'n' 'f she looks like that now, darned 'f I wan' ter be seen speakin' to her."

A HEAVY LOAD.

HOLSOULE—"What's the trouble, my boy? You don't look well."

FRETTBY—"My wife gave me her portrait in a locket for a holiday present, and I'm not quite used to carrying it yet."

That locket.

OF COURSE.

"When are you going to make me that promised visit, Marion? Soon, I hope?"

"I am afraid not, dear. I invited a hired girl to come and stay with me last week, and shall have to stay at home to see that she has everything to make her comfortable."

ATTENTION!

THOSE WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE HOME.

The undersigned, having made a careful scientific study of the subject, will guarantee to create the following complexions, and adjust to a nicety the different shades adapted to all the popular resorts. By combining with this work of genius a judicious retirement in the back part of your domiciles and all other due precautions, you will be able to emerge at the end of the season with an *éclat* not distinguishable from the genuine article by even the most fastidiously experienced.

Bar harbor tan, - - - -	$200 00
Narragansett pier tan, - -	250 00

Asbury park, Long Branch, Rye beach, and all other shades at correspondingly low figures.

Ocean voyage tan, with the exact shade of "rosy underglow," - -	$500 00
Foreign sojourn tan, - - -	600 00

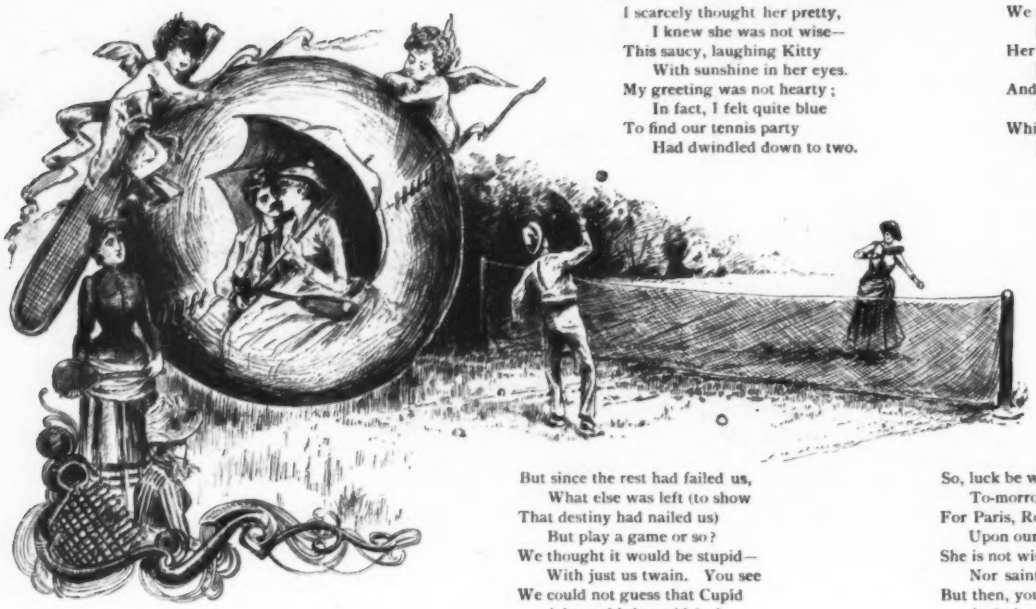
These terms include the desirable degree of brownness on face, neck, hands, and arms up to the elbows. Feet and ankles extra, according to size.

References—The Shoddee-Van Doodles and Coddfysshe-Von Noodles of Anglomerica. Address

FITZ DUDENBACKER, No. 00⅝ Fool's row.

The man who is the most anxious to borrow is the least willing to pay.

LAWN TENNIS.



I scarcely thought her pretty,
I knew she was not wise—
This saucy, laughing Kitty
With sunshine in her eyes.
My greeting was not hearty;
In fact, I felt quite blue
To find our tennis party
Had dwindled down to two.

But since the rest had failed us,
What else was left (to show
That destiny had nailed us)
But play a game or so?
We thought it would be stupid—
With just us twain. You see
We could not guess that Cupid
A busy third would be!

We played. Her voice rang blithely,
Her dimples went and came,
Her figure flitted lithely;
How well she made her game!
And I, I can't deny it,
Was wrecked and overthrown,
While Cupid, on the quiet,
Made innings of his own.

What merry talk! what chaffing.
The sun was in the west,
Ere out of breath and laughing
We sat us down to rest.
My arm dared to enfold her,
And at the daring test
Her head sank on my shoulder,
And then—well—guess the rest!

So, luck be with lawn tennis!
To-morrow morn we ship
For Paris, Rome and Venice,
Upon our wedding trip.
She is not wise nor witty,
Nor saintly nor divine.
But then, you see, she's Kitty,
And—best of all—she's mine.

M. S. BRIDGES.

QUICKLY DEAD.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FARCE. DRAMATIZED ESPECIALLY FOR AMATEUR ACTORS.

She—"He's dead—do you hear? Dead; and *you* are alive. How dare you!"

He—"Then, shall *I* die?"

She—"Yes—no—of course—why not?—oh, don't!—who cares?"

He snatches a penknife from his pocket and severs a crescent segment of delicious, pink-tinted nail from his left index finger with a fine air of disdainful altruism. She starts to faint, but changes her mind, lifts her heavenly hair from the chair back, and, brushing it against him as she passes, fells him to the stage with a liquid, resonantal thud, then rushes off at left field.

He sighs, gurgles, groans, moans, rolls, tosses, tumbles, crawls, creeps, jumps in spasmodic hauteur, and finally reaches the curtain that covered her cyclonic exit.

In harrow-soul tones he pants: "Come here! Stay there! I want you to stay here—to go back! Oh, you—! Throw me your switch, if you can't come yourself, and that cigar stub I left on the newel post last Fourth of July."

She dashes on to the stage backwards, trips over him, falls into his outstretched cigar-case, snatches it up, kisses it just 999 times and gasps:

"I'm not here! Don't you see I'm not here? Let's die and live forever! Let's die to-day and love and live yesterday! Kill me! Don't you *dare* not to kiss me! I *love* you —LOVE you! *Will* you kill me? I will you, you know."

"By my penwiper, *I* will!" shrieks the materialized spirit of the future great American novel; and rushing from the prompter's box he dispatches them both, amid the thunderous plaudits of the relieved audience, who loudly entreat him to stay with them; but he answers sadly: "My time is not yet near," and vanishes.

SUGGESTION—If this last act is the genuine realism that it ought to be each time, the author feels assured that the resultant decrease in the amateur ranks will prove this play to be the long-looked-for answer to the ancient conundrum, *Cui bono?*

O, all ye politicians
Who on office rest your hopes,
Just interview the sheriff—
He's the man that "knows the ropes.

NECESSARILY SINGLE.

In New York.

"Did you see many tandems while you were in Boston, Chawles?"

"Not many, Gus. They mostly ride hobbies there, you know."

BOTH ABOUT THE SAME SIZE.

Mother—"Oh, doctor! I'm so glad you have come. We have just had such a scare. We thought at first that Johnny had swallowed a gold five-dollar piece."

Doctor—"And you found out that he didn't?"

Mother—"Yes; it was simply a nickel."

AN INQUISITIVE MIND.

Bertie—"Mamma, papa told me that those corners of the leaves of the book turned down were dogs' ears."

Mamma—"Yes, Bertie."

Bertie—"Well, mamma, whose dog's ears are they?"

LITERAL CONSTRUCTION.

IRATE FATHER (*to young Binks*)—"See here, young man! didn't I tell you never to enter my gate again?"

YOUNG BINKS—"Yes, sir; and I didn't. I clum over the fence."

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

LEN' yo' mule an' he casts his shoes.

A wench am a wench, ribbons er no.

Gol' an' pewtah weigh de same in de scale.

Yo' can't be a hiah'd-man an' boss de job too.

Buy ob de man dat er got two prices an' git cheated.

Ef Pompey am absent, yo' cha'ge de blame on him.

We offen 'spise habits in oddahs dat we hab ou'selves.

De man dat went roun' an' obah de bridge warn't drowned.

Yo' might jis' ez well be widout cousins ef yo' a'n't got money.

De drunken man promises a-many t'ings dat he can't puhfawm.

Age doan' allus comman' respec'. Yo' nebbah ven'rate an ole chicken t'ief.

Yo' fin' mo' flies in de soup at anoddah's table en yo' do at home.

Dar's one 'mahkable t'ing abo't advice. W'en yo' awtah use hit yo' dun fawgot hit, jis' laik yo' did wha' yo' put de onion seed las' fall.

Leff anodah do w'at yo' awtah do yo'se'f an' yo' a'n't no mo' satisfied wid de job en yo' ud be toe hab someun take yo' cha'r at dinnah.

Dar am such a dif'ence in men that one ull worry a deal mo' abo't a hole in 'is stockin' dat can't be seen dan anoddah will abo't a hole in 'is reputashen, dat eberybody am familyah wid.

J. A. WALDRON.

VAIN REGRETS.

The boys had been having a little picnic up the river, and had left a memorial tree.
TIRED SWAZEY (*the tramp, discovering it*)—"By Jinks! I wisht I'd struck dat tree 'fore der fruit dried up so!"

PATIENCE, NOT HOPE.

"Why so deep in thought, old boy? You haven't winked an eyelid for the last ten minutes."

"I am holding private council over my annual poem. I call it an annual because I bring it out regularly every summer, and am now trying to remember what magazine remains to send it to."

LANGUAGE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.

When the fat man ties his around his neck, it signifies that the weather is warm and he has a new collar on.

When the pretty girl suddenly makes a grab for her handkerchief and clasps it to her mouth, it means that she wants to sneeze.

When the whittling fiend binds his around one of his fingers, it signifies that his knife has slipped.

When a girl drops hers in the street when there is no dude in sight, it denotes that she has been carrying too many articles in her hands.

When a man comes out of a side entrance on Sunday wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign that he has been spending money.

When the flash youth takes a gentleman's handkerchief out of his pocket in a crowd, it signifies that he will never see it again.

When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black border, it is safe to bet that she will remarry before the year is out.

When a lady and a gentleman are together and the lady takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and uses it, there can be no doubt that they are married.

When a man buys any of those three-cent handkerchiefs from the street peddlers, it means that he is stuck.

The old colored lady carries her handkerchief tied around her head.

The dude's silk handkerchief is always worn so that the corner sticks out.

When a man suddenly feels a heavy cold coming on, it means that that is just the very time he left his handkerchief at home.

When a man bets a box of handkerchiefs with a lady and happens to get them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man.

When a strange man wakes you up in the midde of the night and pokes his handkerchief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your house.

When a woman carries her handkerchief in her hand she does not always wish to cry or flirt, but probably has no pocket in her dress.

When an actress displays a lace handkerchief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of a queen.

When the street Arab grabs at your pocket and makes you believe he has stolen your handkerchief, it signifies that it is April fools' day and that you are the fool.

When you see a man rush down from the top floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and run up-stairs again, you may bet your pile that he has forgotten his handkerchief.

ULTRA REFINED.

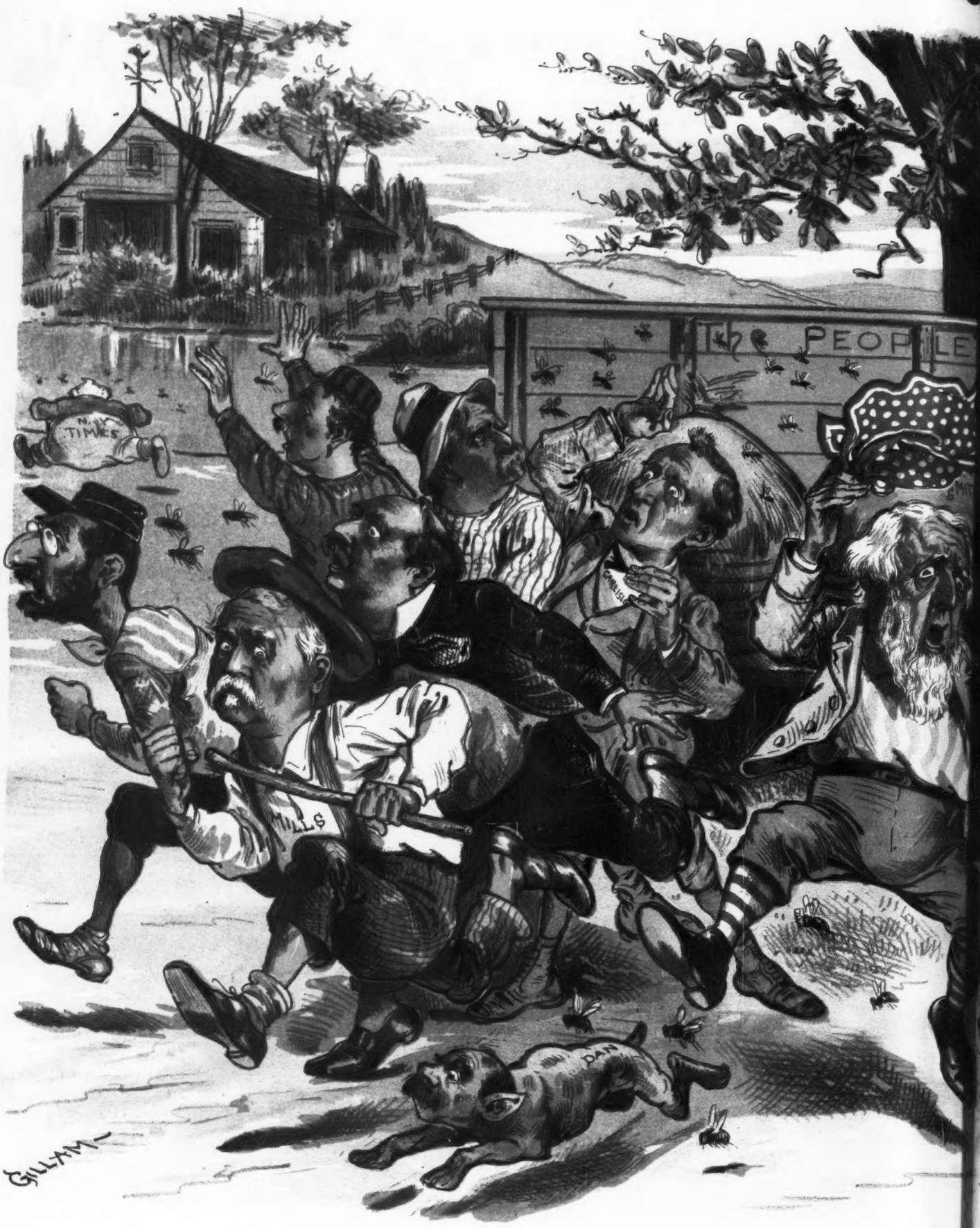
MRS. BERESFORD (*who had rested her pet on the lobster barrel while making her purchases*)—"Tell me that dogs are not aristocratic! Why, Caspar can't bear even the *smell* of a market."

QUERY.

Go preach prohibition
Till black in the face,
And claim that cold water
Will win this great race,

It all may be true;
But is it not queer
That, even when dead,
You must have a bier?

LENA GILBERT BROWN.



MAKING THINGS HOT FOR THEM; OR, TH FOOLIS

Moral.—Little boys should never up beehi

THE FOOLISH BOYS AND THE LIVELY BEEHIVES.

never [illegible] up beehives. They may be loaded.

SOGGLESPEIL'S CAT.

HE was far from handsome on the day that little Fritzy Sogglespeil fished her out of the culvert opening at the corner; but a rugged stream from the hose improved her a bit, and when she dried out and set up a husky purring in gratitude her good disposition hid her physical defects and she was taken in as a member of the Sogglespeil *menage* by acclamation.

For several days she was content to lie under the ice-chest and allow the sewer-gas to work out of her pores; but one morning while the family were at breakfast she bounded out, caught the most plethoric rat that had ever been seen in the ward, and placing it carefully at Mr. Sogglespeil's feet retired modestly to her lair.

From that day Freida, as they called her, lived the life of a pampered queen.

The choicest cuts of Frankfurter and the longest draughts of Sweitzercase buttermilk were hers, and she waxed fat, but not lazy, and soon had the rats and mice feeling like New York aldermen in Montreal. At last came a day when when Sogglespeil had company, and as an inexpensive and exciting entertainment he bought a large wharf rat for Freida to massacre to make a German holiday.

"Vait till you ged your eye on dot gat mit der rad," he said to his wife's uncle. "She vill it gif der paralyze burty kewick. Led her go, Fridzy!" and Fritzy "let her go."

The cat made one grand bound, alighted squarely on the back of the squeaking rat, rolled her eyes back and forth a few times, turned a back summersault and tried to scratch her right-hand whiskers with her left back claw, at the same time giving vent to a plaintive "whoop!" which Sogglespeil translated as a pæan of victory.

The rat came up smiling after the onslaught with an expression of amazed doubt on his face at finding himself alive, and gazed into Freida's face with much apparent pleasure.

Once again did the cat make a bound, and this time she turned completely over, rolled a short distance, and slapped herself up against the door-casing like a wad of under-done dough.

The rat, observing that he was hardly needed to add to the features of the circus, ran between Mrs. Sogglespeil's feet, climbed the back of grossmamma's rocking-chair and jumped out of the window, while Sogglespeil started for a Queen-Anne horse-pistol in a mortified rage and his shirt sleeves. He was just about to sink an artesian well in the person of his pet when he noticed a peculiar expression on her face. On looking closer he straightened up, raised his hands aloft, and as Grandma Sogglespeil left the room to get out of range, exclaimed, "I vos a low Dutch schlossenwasser ohf dot cat aind god der mumbps!"

But Freida did *not* have the mumps, for as little Fritzy crawled coyly under the table, while grandma, with much gummy muttering, searched anxiously for her new set of chewing apparatus, he was heard to murmur, "Heafen knows how I ged dem false toot's out dot gat's moud, dey vos so hard to ged in, bud, by gracks! vos id nod foon!!!"

J. S. GOODWIN.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

SPUDSEY (*the tramp*)—"I'm blowed if I knowed yer, Mike! Been playin' der races?"
MIKE—"No. Been playin' dat bath-house while der dude's in der water."
SPUDSEY—"Guess I'll go in an' gaffle yourn. Dey's better den mine."

HER LAST CHANCE.

An irate woman entered a dry-goods store the other day and accosted one of the clerks:

"I've come to find out what you mean by charging me a dollar Saturday night for that table-spread and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for sixty cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?"

"You mistook me, madame," responded the ready clerk; "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to sixty cents Monday morning."

In betting he would always win,
His speculations turned to gold;
But, when he marriage entered in,
A game of chance that daunts the bold,
His luck was changed—his tale was told.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED GERMAN AND THE LIVE CIGAR.

"A-ha! somesing apout dot Poulonger fighd!" "Chimeney! dot vos preddy goot fer dot Floquet, shdickin' him in der t'roat, unt"—— (*discovering the hole which his cigar had burnt into the paper*)—"Youst der mosd inderesdin blace too, by tam!"

A woman will get up and tear around and rant about female suffrage and demand equal with a man in a torrent of impassioned chest tones, but when night comes she'll get down on her hunkers and tremblingly peer under the bed for the man she knows isn't there.—*Philadelphia Call.*

HERE IT IS AGAIN.

Dear JUDGE—Did it ever occur to you that in the name of Benjamin there are eight letters, and in the name of Harrison there are also eight letters, and what more significant than that? Certainly '88 is Benjamin Harrison's year above all others. Yours,

"BLAINIAC."

The pin factories of England, France, Holland and Germany are said to turn out 76,000,000 pins daily, but nine times out of ten a man has to pick all the stuffing out of a pin-cushion before he can find one.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE AGE OF MODERN MAN.

People are fond of saying that "mankind is growing wiser and weaker." But is it really so? Let us glance at the facts. According to the latest statistics there are more centenarians now living than at any previous time in the history of the world. Why? Because of the great discoveries in medical science which afford him immunity from diseases that formerly devastated mankind. Greatest of them all is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the best blood-purifier and renovator of the age. Scrofula, fever-sores, tumors, unsightly ulcers and eruptions vanish like magic beneath its beneficent influence.

A silent partner is one who supplies the money for a firm and keeps his mouth shut when it is being squandered.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The novel entitled "Napoleon Smith," issued by the Judge company, is as novel a plan of romancing as any projected by our recent most distinguished fiction writers. It has all the cleverness of small intriguery depicted in its pages along with thrilling battle scenes, and the deep philosophy of large public questions. The JUDGE offers a prize to the one who shall guess the name of the author. We enter the lists with the name of Robert B. Roosevelt, journalist, novelist, poet, fisherman, and diplomatist.—*Albany Times.*

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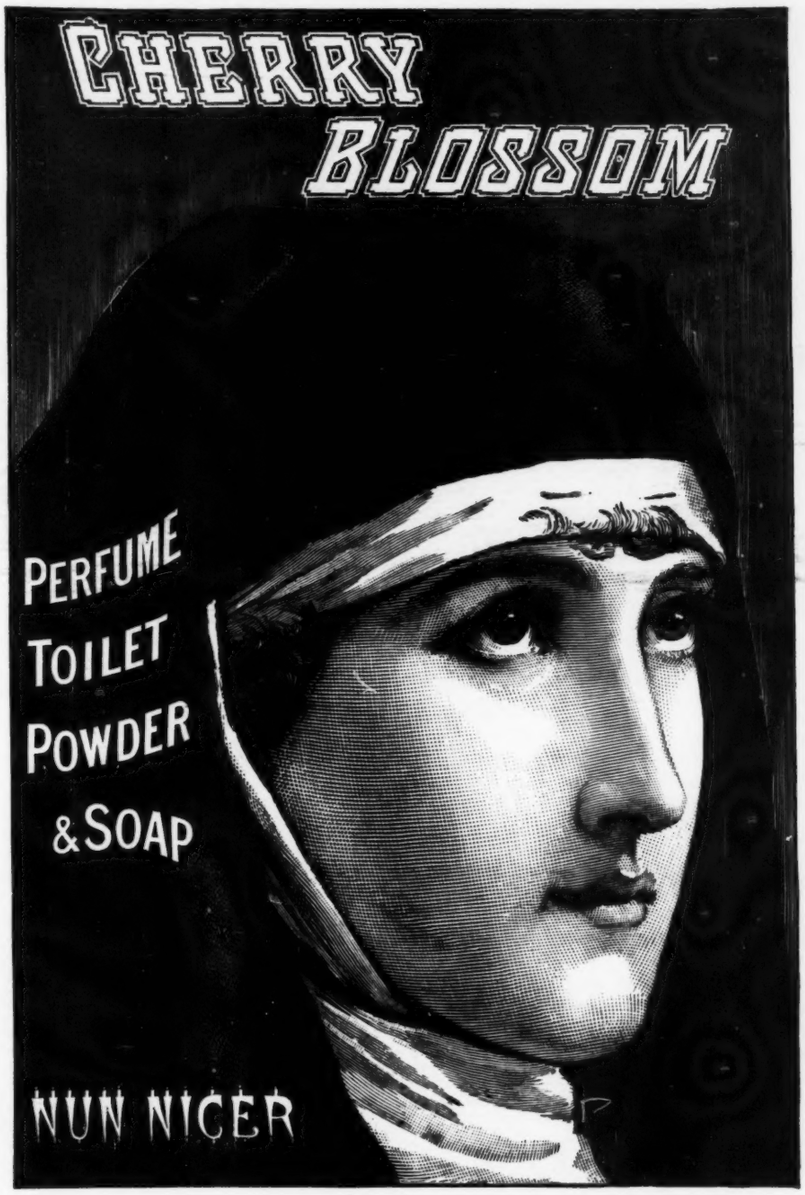

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM

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It is universally conceded that Marmion's bookkeeper's name was Chester, for his last words were, "Charge, Chester, charge!" Evidently Marmion did not do business on the cash system.—*Dansville Breeze.*

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The *Union*, a new weekly of Cleveland, O., is very bright and gives assurances of a long and profitable life.

Brown—"You don't look well, lately, Robinson."
Robinson—"No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble."
Brown—"Nonsense; your lungs are all right."
Robinson—"Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."—*Life.*

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Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,
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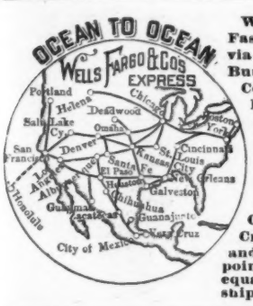

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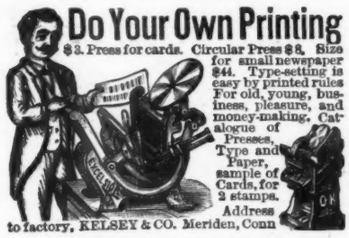

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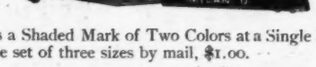

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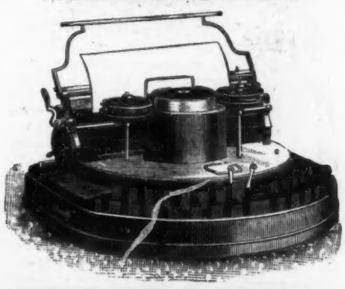

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A correspondent writes to ask why Havana cigars are cheaper in this country than they are in their native country. We suppose it is because the tobacco of which Havana cigars are made can be grown cheaper in this country.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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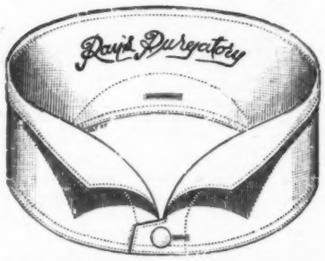

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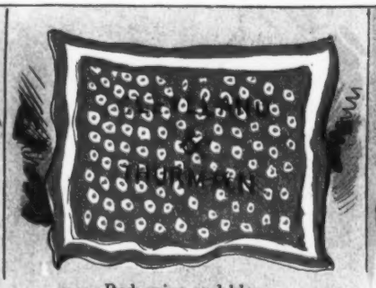
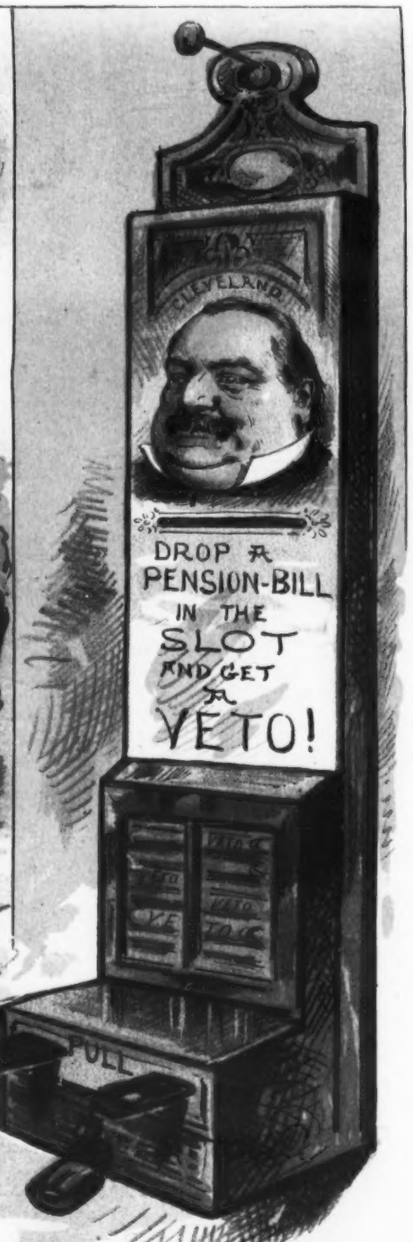


Red, wipe and blow.

U. S.—"Is this all there is to the Democratic show?"

"And now the *American* must go."



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